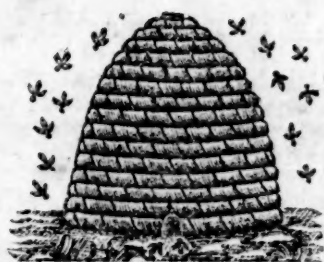


D S E



H J V E.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1804.

ESSAYS.

ON MISREPRESENTATION.

AMONG the various inconsistencies and evils which are prevalent in the world, there is a common ridiculous and sometimes very injurious folly, which I shall denominate the art of misrepresentation or enlargement.

The tongue has such a magnifying propensity that a tale, or even report, however trivial its nature, or slender its foundation, in passing through a few different mouths, receives so many additions, that we may compare each communication to as many lens of a telescope, however with this difference—that while the latter shews objects only in their just form—the former has the power not only of enlarging, but embellishing them with all the varieties of imagination.

This evil is not the characteristic of either sex in particular, but will be found to pervade both male and female; though it is diverted by each into different channels.

That species of misrepresentation which carries with it the most injurious consequences, is, where the character or actions of any of our fellow creatures are concerned; and the darts of slander have frequently made deep incisions upon characters whose actions never merited accusation, or whose intentions never deserved calumny. Slander has been considered as belonging almost exclusively to females, but though it may be a vice not so prevalent among men, yet when it appears in that part of the community, it is frequently of a more destructive nature, and inflicts deeper, and more poisonous wounds; even in females it sometimes appears with all the venom of a viper, and has been known to make invidious attacks upon its unfortunate prey, and to consign the reputation of its victim to infamy and ruin. This however happily is not frequently the case, and though its dominion is so extensive and contagious, its fury is less malignant and its incursions less fatal—it often occasions mischief without premeditation, and unintentionally injures.

But the misrepresentation or exaggeration I now wish to call the attention of your

readers to, is rather an innocent and ridiculous folly, than an injurious evil.

By this art, a mere insignificant rumour has become important intelligence—riots are turned into terrible insurrections—and a few boats are magnified into an immense fleet—one person tells another, he thinks it probable such an armament *might* sail—he informs a third it *had*—the third, that such an invasion was consequently *likely* to take place—and so it goes on, until the invaders become nearly masters of the land, and the next accounts *must undoubtedly* tell us they have taken possession of the capital.

This science is brought to complete perfection by those who are fond of matrimonial intelligence, and of trumpeting abroad the expected conquests of hymen. As people of this class are very impatient to dispose of in marriage all but themselves, they will tell you the precise situations of courtships which do not exist, and the different progress each traveller has made on the road to the altar. If a gentleman walks with a lady on Sunday to church, it is hinted by one of the above mentioned society, that they *would* make a good match—On Monday it is whispered that *there* are symptoms of attention—Tuesday furnishes us with accounts that the parties are in a fair way to be united—courtship is publicly announced on Wednesday, and by Saturday we hear that the couple have actually been published, and that preparations are making for immediate marriage. A gentleman, if seen three times in company with the same female, is set down as already entangled in the silken chain of love, and can hardly walk the streets, or go into company, without being rallied upon his intended nuptials and congratulated upon his approaching felicity. Thus truth, if ever in these cases she makes her appearance, instead of her own simple robe, is so disguised by the apparel of fiction, that she seldom can be discerned, and man is at a loss for information, because he has so much of it, he knows not what to reject.

In some countries, particular places are supposed to be more congenial to the dissemination of particular species of intelligence—Coffee Houses—Exchanges—Parks—and even Barbers' Shops have promoted

and generated political news; the latter places have been so noted in this respect, that the master of the ceremonies has been known, unintentionally, to cut his customer's throat while he has been intent upon relating the report of the day, and been enumerating with wonderful secundity the number killed and wounded in a desperate engagement. On the other hand, amongst other places, dressing, drawing rooms, and particularly tea parties, are supposed to have a particular efficacy in the propagation of all kinds of private and domestic information, and it is only necessary to hint that the story was told you in confidence, to give it a more general publicity. What motives can induce so many of our fellow mortals to make themselves proficient in this science—I cannot divine. Can it be the benevolent wish of benefiting their companions—or is it to gratify themselves? Is it the result of deliberation, or rather is it not the offspring of thoughtlessness?

Before they continue its practice, let them consider its effects—and remember, that in all their actions they ought not only to abstain from injury, but use their endeavors for the promotion of good.

Bost. Mag.

ATTICUS.

ON TEMPERANCE.

THE great rule of sensual pleasures is to use them so that they may not destroy themselves or be separated from, or rendered incompatible with other pleasures, but rather they may be assisted by, and mutually assisting to the more refined and exalted sympathy of rational enjoyment.

Men ever confine the meaning of the word pleasure to what pleases themselves. Gluttons imagine that by pleasure is meant gluttony; but the only true epicures are those who enjoy the pleasures of temperance. Small pleasures seem great to such as know no greater. The virtuous man is he who has sense enough to prefer the greatest pleasure.

Superfluity and parade, among the vulgar rich, pass for elegance and greatness. To the man of true taste, temperance is luxury, and simplicity grandeur.

Whatever pleasures are immediately derived from the sense, persons of fine internal feelings enjoy, besides their other pleasures; while such as place their chief happiness in the former, can have no true taste for the delicious sensations of the soul.

They who divide profit and honesty, mistake the nature either of the one or the other. We must make a difference between appearance and truth: the real profitable and good are the same.

False appearances of profit are the greatest enemies to true interest. Future sorrows present themselves in the disguise of present pleasures; and short-sighted folly eagerly embraces the deceit.

Every species of vice originates either from insensibility, from want of judgment, or from both. No maxim can be more true than that all vice is folly. For, either by vice we bring misery more immediately on ourselves, or we involve others in misery. If any one bring evil on himself, it is surely folly: if his present pleasure be to make others miserable, were he to escape every other punishment, he must suffer for it by remorse,—or it is a certain proof he is deprived of that sense or sympathy which is the opposite of dulness; in either of which cases it is evident that all vice is folly. J.

MISCELLANY.

HOW TO PRESERVE FRIENDSHIP.

AS virtue is the basis, so a similarity of taste and manners contribute much to the pleasure and usefulness of friendship. In the choice of a friend, have a principle regard to the former, and be not indifferent to the latter.

If you would preserve his friendship, act with the strictest integrity; for artifice, once detected, will destroy his future confidence. Keep with sacred taciturnity, the secrets he commits to you: If you betray them, he will not easily pardon the offence or trust you again. Treat him with such openness, as indicates your reliance on his fidelity: but commit not to him the secrets, which would put his fidelity to the torture. Not only assist him, on urgent occasions, but often oblige him in matters of mere convenience or fancy: little compliances may be of greater consequence than substantial benefits; because the former may be frequent, the latter can be but rare. Never seem indifferent to that which sensibly interests him. Indifference from you wounds more deeply than an injury from another. Defend his character, when it is unjustly attacked; for your silence will fix the scandal, and he will consider it as obloquy. Never sacrifice one friend, in complaisance to another; for by treachery to one, you destroy the confidence of both. Oblige him with an alacrity, that anticipates his request, or, at least, prevents the repetition of it; for a favor, extorted by impor-

tunity, loses more than half its value. Often remind him of the benefits you have received from him; rarely mention those you have done him; for he will feel your kindness more, as *you* seem to feel it less. Give him your advice, when he asks it, and even though he ask it not, if you see he needs it, lest he impute to you the errors of his conduct: but assume no magisterial airs; rather insinuate, than impose your advice. Remind him of his real faults and of such foibles as render him disgusting; but vex him not with a frequent rehearsal of trivial singularities, lest he think you peevish or captious. Admonish him in private, nor relate to others what you have privately said to him; affect not to be thought his reformer: let him have all the honor of appearing to rectify his errors, on the reflections of his own mind. Study to cover his blemishes, to excuse his failings, and cast a mantle over his stains; and be forward to proclaim only his virtuous and worthy actions. Accommodate yourself to his humor, so far as it is innocent; so far as it is otherwise, endeavor to mend it by your counsel and example.

THE ZEPHYRS.

[From the German of Solomon Gessner.]

FIRST ZEPHYR.—Why dost thou thus idly flutter among these rose-trees? Come, let us fly together to the centre of yonder valley. Those shades conceal the nymphs who bathe in the transparent waters of the lake.

SECOND ZEPHYR.—I shall not follow thee. Go, frisk about the nymphs; a more delightful task detains me here. I shall imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers, and gather their delicious perfumes.

FIRST ZEPHYR.—Is that a more delightful task than to mingle with the sportive nymphs, who gaiety for ever breathe?

SECOND ZEPHYR.—A tender virgin, beautiful as the youngest of the GRACES, will presently pass by this place. With each returning dawn, bearing on her arm a well-stored basket, she repairs to the cottage on the summit of yon hill. Dost thou not see it? 'Tis that whose mossy roof reflects the first rays of the morning. Thither MELINDA bears relief to indigence. A woman virtuous, but infirm and poor, dwells in that humble cot. Two infants, in the opening flower of innocence, would weep of hunger by the bed of their unfortunate mother, were not MELINDA their guardian angel. Transported with having administered consolation to distress, she will soon return, her lovely cheeks glowing with heartfelt joy, and her brilliant eyes still bathed with the tears of pity. I wait for her return in this thicket of roses. As soon as she appears, I fly to meet her; and my wings, spreading round her the most sweet perfumes, will cool her burning cheeks; while I kiss the tears just starting from her eyes. This is my delightful task.

FIRST ZEPHYR.—You transport me.—How sweet is your employ!—I will, like thee, imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers; like thee, I will gather their perfumes; and, like thee, at the return of MELINDA, I will fly to meet her. But see, from yonder grove she comes, all beautiful as the morning of a glorious day. Virtue smiles upon her rosy lips. Her deportment is that of the GRACES. Come, let us spread our wings; never have I fanned more vermilion cheeks, nor a visage more enchanting.

AMUSING.

A FRAGMENT.

I DREAMT that Jupiter took me up to the skies, as he is said to have done formerly by Menippus the philosopher, in order that I might be convinced that the accusations, so generally brought against the equity of providence, were totally without foundation; and that the great author of the universe notwithstanding the impious murmurs of his creatures, was perfectly just and consistent in the minutest of his decrees.

Having taken my station, as I fancied, at the feet of the deity, the chrystal gates of the celestial region were thrown wide open, and by a particular order of Jupiter, the softest whisper addressed to him from earth was so distinctly heard, that during the continuance of the various supplications, I never missed a single syllable.

The first who offered his prayers to Olympus was a man who had been ruined by being a security in a large sum of money for a very intimate friend. "This," says Jupiter, "is a fellow of unquestionable worth and integrity; through the whole course of his life he has paid so inflexible an attention to the dictates of virtue, that I do not believe I have any thing to charge him with, besides human infirmity. He thinks it hard, therefore, that I should suffer him to be plunged into distress, though this distress is nothing more than the natural consequence of his own indiscretion: for, instead of building his esteem upon the honesty of the man by whose means he is thus unhappily stripped of his all, he founded his regard entirely upon the length of their acquaintance; and assisted him, not because he was a person of probity and honor, but because he was a person with whom he had passed a great deal of his time. On this account he is justly punished for his folly; and though I intend to reward his virtues very amply in *this* world, yet I must permit him to be chastised *below*, that other worthy men may take warning by his example, and learn to shower their favors only upon those whom they know to be truly deserving."

The next person who offered up his petition was a merchant in the city, who prayed

devoutly for a fair wind for a ship, which he had, richly laden, in the river, and intended for a very valuable market on the coast of Africa. "Now, here," resumed Jupiter, "is another very honest fellow, who will think himself particularly aggrieved if I decline to comply with his request; and yet, if I were to grant it a thousand others would inevitably be ruined, who are bound upon voyages which require quite a contrary wind. Your people of virtue imagine they should in the minutest circumstance, be the particular care of providence; and absurdly fancy that the attention of a being who has the *whole universe to govern and uphold*, shall be entirely engrossed by themselves. These people must, however, be informed, that I am the god of an extensive world, and not the immediate patron of any one man—of course, therefore, I shall never invert the order of things, to oblige a private person, though that person should be the very best of all my votaries—more particularly too, when, let his merits be what they will, my favor shall so incredibly exceed them in the end.

After the departure of the merchant, methought, a whole kingdom came at once and begged of Jupiter to destroy a neighboring nation, with whom they happened to be at war. "Here are precious creatures for you"—said Jupiter, "and so I must sacrifice a country of 10 or 12 millions, merely because these conscientious votaries think proper to make the request: that is, in plain words, I must be their bully, and arm myself in passions that would disgrace the meanest of themselves, for the mighty honor of executing the purposes of their revenge." Upon this he turned his head aside in indignation, and bade me observe another body of people, rather larger than the former, who were singing hymns to his praise, and invoking his favor with all the energy of the most solemn adoration. "This," said he, "is the nation with whom my late set of votaries are at war; and, you hear, they are just praying in the same manner that I would be graciously pleased to destroy all their enemies. Now, which of these can I oblige? Their pretensions to my regard are alike insignificant—and they are quarrelling for a tract of country, in America, to which neither of them have the smallest right. To punish, therefore, their injustice to the poor Indians, and their insolence in thinking to make me an abettor of their contentions, I shall leave them entirely to themselves, and make each, by that means, the scourge of the other's crimes." Jupiter delivered these words in a tone so tremendous, that I awoke with affright. But I thought the vision conveyed no useless lesson, as it illustrated the vanity of human wishes, and taught an absolute resignation to the wisdom, the awful dispensations, and the justice of God.

X. Q.

SERINA—A CHARACTER.

SERINA's form is surpassed by none—Few would declare her exquisitely *beautiful*; no one would hesitate to pronounce her *handsome*. Her fine black eye, while it can command the most respectful deportment, can ameliorate into the softest expressions of friendship and compassion. In her presence, the libertine forgets the sentiments, that have made bankrupt his *morals* and his *honor*; he involuntarily pays to SERINA, that respect nature ever designed, for the most amiable and most beautiful of her fabrics—a *virtuous woman*. Though born and educated in a rank, where the disgusting smile of politeness, but poorly curtains the innumerable *littlenesses* of the *great*, yet is *duplicité* a stranger to her breast. Her language ever expresses the feelings of her heart. Conversation is often brilliant with SERINA's wit, and abstractedly she can satirize folly, yet never did any one leave her presence with injured feelings. Are the *weaknesses* of her friends or acquaintance discussed; are they the consequence of juvenile imprudence; she kindly gives her compassion. Are they the consequence of improper education, or prejudiced sentiments, she sweetly pities what she accounts their misfortune.—Her lips never gave utterance to the voice of *scandal*, and when her neighbor's *fame* is falling by *female assiduity*, from censureless SERINA, the voice of extenuation alone, is heard.

The wretch that shivers in the piercing blast, unsoliciting finds a *friend* in SERINA. Where misfortune heaves the sigh or flows the tear, her benignant hand administers to their misery; by the melody of her soothing, their sorrows are hushed in forgetfulness.—The criterion of her inclinations are those of her father;—she never entertains a wish that bears not a perfect consonance to his will. All who know her, wish her friendship; those who have it, prize it inestimably. "Happy the man, that maketh her his wife; happy the child, that shall call her mother."

U. L.

[From the Wonders of Nature and Art, by the Rev. Thomas Smith, a new work published in London, 1803.—vol. 2, p. 48.]

AN AERIAL TOUR.

EAGLES not only seize upon lambs, kids, &c. but even children too, if they have an opportunity, as appears, from an instance given us by Sir Robert Shillbald, of an Eagle that took up a young child at a place called Houghton-Head; and carried it to its nest in Hoy, one of the Orkney Islands, four miles distant; but being immediately followed by four men in a boat, who knew where the nest was, they brought back the child unhurt.

THE FORCED STORY.

LORD Kelly was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the

cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humor, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his Lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kelly told him that he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Balfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day (said he, in a pompous manner) a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even *there*, he might lay hold of some thing. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only mean of escape left, namely to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address your Lordship*; "Had it not been," said he, "for your *long tongue*, and *empty head*, I had made my *escape*."

ANECDOTES.

A YOUNG man was recommended to Bishop Burnet for ordination.—As his Lordship stammered a little, he desired his Chaplain to examine the candidate. The first question proposed, was—"Why did Balaam's ass speak?" "Because his master had an *impediment* in his *speech*," answered the young man, which put an immediate end to the examination.

A certain divine, in the county of Bristol, (England) some time since, while he was delivering his sermon, perceived that the greatest part of the old people in the body seats, were, for some reasons or other (the reader may guess what) indulging themselves in a comfortable nap—and that the children in the gallery were indulging themselves in playing, to the no small disturbance of the congregation.—Upon which the parson made a long pause—and looking up into the gallery, with a stern and solemn voice said, "boys be still,—if you make such a noise up there, the old men below cannot sleep."

A fop was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection. No, said one who was by, there is one you are entirely without, and that is *common sense*.

The Kilkenny Journal states, that a man of the name of Kenny, on his return to that city, "fell off his horse, and broke his neck, but *happily* received no other damage."

POETRY.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

ANONYMOUS.

YOUNG Cupid in sorrow one day had thrown by
His quiver and darts, and did nothing but cry;
While *Venus*, his mother, endeavor'd in vain
To discover the cure for, or source of his pain.

A council was call'd in the chambers above,
To consider the cause of dame *Venus* and love;
The urchin was summon'd but none could tell why,
Thus the grief in his features, the tear in his eye.

By the deities all thus in public assail'd,
The frowns of the gods o'er the godling prevail'd,
Who, blushing, confess'd that his power was lost,
And all his late schemes by physicians were cross'd.

That his best levell'd arrows were fruitless and vain,
For the faculty now could prescribe for the pain,
And grew rich in proportion as he had grown poor,
For as oft as he wounded the doctors would cure.

Old rosy-fac'd *Bacchus*, in accents divine,
Advis'd him to dip all his arrows in wine;
But *Momus* reply'd that 'twere better to steep
All his darts in some drugs that would lay them to sleep.

Apollo rejoind, "Those may sport with his woes,
Who only exist, or to drink or to doze;
But the only resource to gain his lost fame,
Is a few of his darts at the doctors to aim."

Elate with the thought, *Cupid* quickly withdrew,
His pow'r to regain, his new plan to pursue,
And wond'rous to tell, that, unaided by fees,
He brought the proud doctors all down on their knees.

There despairing, he kept them, in anguish awhile,
Would now kill with a frown, & now cure with a smile;
And made them confess, after making them feel,
That the heart which love wounded, love only could heal.

AN ADDRESS TO SUSPENSE.

WHAT art thou, dubious power? that to the earth,
Now sinks the sadden'd heart, now lifts it high,
At once of human and of heav'nly birth;
Mortal, thy sire, thy mother of the sky,
Or borne by seraph Hope through fields of air,
Or plung'd in caverns, by the fiend Despair.

E'en now, thy double sway divides my breast,
Thy tyrannizing poise 'twixt good and ill;
Yet equal both to rob the mind of rest,
As each alternate works thy tott'ring will;
O then, to certain joy, or certain grief,
The balance turn, and give my soul relief.

Give me the worst to hear, or best to know;
This dread delay unfits that soul to bear,
With wonted fortitude, new loads of woe;
And bliss deferr'd must mix corroding care.
Too late the sun his stronger rays shall dart,
When flower-worms feed upon the rose's heart.

EPIGRAM—On a Doctor.

AS G*** lay sick, and 'twas thought he was dying,
His friends and relations around him were crying,
Who made, with their plaints, such a terrible din,
That *Death*, who was passing, and heard it, went in.
What the deuce, said the demon, good folks, is the
matter?
That ye make round the doctor so devilish a clatter?
Suppose he were going, what boots your repining?
I'm not come to hurt him, so leave off your whining.
You've no reason to fear me, although I look grim,
For I know my own interest TOO WELL to kill him.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

Messrs. Editors,

IF the following extract from a volume of Original Poems, published in England, by THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, Esq. (and of which, perhaps, the writer of this article is the only person in the United States who is possessed of a copy,) meets your approbation, you will please to give it a place in your useful publication. It may be well, however, for the sake of your whimsical innovators in religion and politics, whose heads are generally as weak as their hearts are wicked, to premise, that this little poem is *ironical*, its author no disorganizer, nor a disciple of Paine or Godwin, but indulges himself in a sneer at the expense of those, who are sedulously employed in sapping the foundations of civilization and social order.

EULOGY ON THE TIMES.

LET poets scrawl satiric rhymes,
And sketch the follies of the times,
With much caricaturing;
But I, a *bon-ton* Bard, declare
A set of slanderers they are,
E'en past a Job's enduring—

Let crabbed cynics snarl away,
And pious parsons preach and pray
Against the vices reigning;
That mankind are so wicked grown,
Morality is scarcely known,
And true religion waning—

Societies, who vice suppress,
May make a rumpus; ne'ertheless,
Ours is the best of ages;
Such hum-drum folks our fathers were,
They could no more with us compare
Than Hottentots with Sages.

It puts the poet in a pet,
To think of *THEM*, a vulgar set;
But *WE*, thank G—, are QUALITY!
For we have found the eighteenth century,
What ne'er was known before, I'll venture ye,
Religion's no Reality.

Tom Paine and Godwin both can tell
That there is no such thing as hell!
A doctrine mighty pleasant;
Your old wives tales of an hereafter
Are things for ridicule and laughter,
While we enjoy the present.

We've nought to do, but frisk about,
At midnight ball and Sunday rout,
And bacchanalian revel;
To gamble, drink, and live at ease,
Our great and noble selves to please,
Nor care for man nor devil.

In these good times, with little pains,
And scarce a penny worth of brains,
A man with great propriety:
With some small risk of being hung,
May cut a pretty dash among
The foremost in society.

Good reader, I'll suppose, for once,
Thou art no better than a dunce,
But wishes to be famous;
I'll tell thee how, with decent luck,
Thou may'st become as great a buck,
As any one could name us.

When first in high-life you commence
To virtue, reason, common-sense,
You'll please to bid adieu, sir;
And, lest some brother rake be higher,
Drink, 'till your blood be all on fire,
And face of crimson hue, sir.

Thus you'll be dubb'd a *dashing blade*,
And, by the genteel world, be said
To be a *man of spirit*;
For *stylish* folks despise the chaps,
Who, think that they may rise, perhaps,
By industry and merit.

With lubric arts, and wily tongue,
Debauch some maiden, fair and young,
For that will be genteel;
Be not too scrupulous; win the fair;
Then leave the frail one to despair:
A rake should never feel.

When wine has made your courage stout,
In midnight revel sally out,
Insulting all you meet;
Play pretty pranks about the town,
Break windows, knock the watchmen down,
Your frolic to complete!

Besides exhibiting your parts,
You're sure to win the ladies' hearts
By dint of dissipation;
Since 'every woman is a rake,'
A fool may know what steps to take
To gain her approbation.

By practising these famous rules,
You'll gain from wicked men and fools
A world of admiration;
And, as we know, from good authority;
Such folks compose a clear majority,
There needs no hesitation.

THE BACHELOR.

THE dry, dull Bachelor, surveys
Alternate joyless nights and lonesome days;
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest;
Stupidly free from nature's dearest ties,
Lost on his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven,
That tender bosom friend, a WIFE, has given;
Him blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his joys allay.
No husband wrong'd, no virgin's honor spoil'd,
No tender parent weeps his ruin'd child,
No discontent, nor false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love;
Or doth it frown, with one whose pleasing art,
Will ease your woe, and bear a willing part.

EPIGRAM.

PAINS, so unknown before, my bosom move,
I can't help thinking, *CHLOE*, I'm in love;
Nay, frown not thus! I am in love, 'tis true—
But, on my life, dear *CHLOE*, not with you!

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